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POEMS OF WAR AND PEACE
By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

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POEMS OF WAR AND PEACE

The Author's
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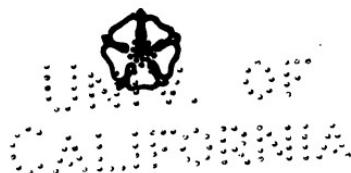
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POEMS OF WAR AND PEACE

*INCLUDING THE PANAMA ODE, THE
CORRIDORS OF CONGRESS, AND THE
COST, RHEIMS, THE HAUNTING FACE,
SHAKESPEARE, EMBATTLED FRANCE,
AND OTHER POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR*

BY
ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON
AUTHOR OF "SAINT-GAUDENS: AN ODE
AND OTHER VERSE"



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**THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED
TO THE IDEAL
IN PATRIOTISM, ART, AND
THE AFFECTIONS**

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

GOETHALS OF PANAMA

I

SERVANT of Man, well done!
Thy war of peace is won.
The dream of continents five and centuries four
Is dream no more.

Once, on a waiting "peak in Darien,"
Obscure till then,
But made immortal by a single line
Of verse divine,
Bold Balboa, following the lure
Of fell Adventure's backward-glancing eyes,
Found the new wonder that he sought.
What did he not endure
That still another watery realm
He thus might add as kingdom to the Spanish helm!
Oh, joy supreme of half-divined surprise!—
When, foremost climber, to his heart he caught
The virgin sight of that uplifted sea,
As new, as free,
As though it had but just begun to be.
Then, as he knelt, a second dream there came:
The "wild surmise"
His silent followers felt, but could not frame.
For who could see so near those oceans flow
But wish them mated—nay, but see them so?

1

2 *ALLEGORICALS OF PANAMA*

Did he not dream that, far beneath, some day,
The hungry waters would devour a way
To slip his caravels and shallops through
From Cadiz to the riches of Peru?
How could he guess that it would be mankind,
Not Nature, that would find
In that Herculean toil a labor to its mind;
And do with zest, ere infant grew to man,
What only geologic ages can;
That what in him was vague, prophetic fancy
Thy modern necromancy—
Thy will, thy wisdom, and the art
Of thy unconquerable heart,
With Love and Duty pure,—
Would make forever real and secure;
That Bounteous Fortune on that distant height,
Where Occident with Orient meets,
Her faith anew to all the world would plight,
Beckoning with either hand to myriad-masted fleets?
There let her statue crown a crowning tower
Like to the topmost flower
Upon a tropic tree,
For every ship of every land to see.
There some shall speak of Balboa, some of Keats
(For one must find and one must celebrate);
Others shall ponder long the fame and feats
Of him who forced the bars of that reluctant gate—
Contending whether he was great;
But all in perpetuity
Shall bless the names of Gorgas and of thee!
Servant of Man, well done!

II

SINCE that first dream how long, how weary-long
Crept the slow, lonely centuries, with no heed
 Of the premonitory need
Of that forgotten and neglected land—
Years like to years as waves upon that sleepy strand.
 Now, through thy sympathetic strife,
 The dozing Tropic is no more ;
 The world is at its door.
At last it is adjoined to Life,
 To Freedom, and the brood
 Of Human Brotherhood.
 This is the meed
 Of richer triumph in thy deed,—
The nation's pride that soon shall be a pride without
 alloy :
 That far beyond the Zone—
 Ours only for the world to own,
Since that belongs to all that all alike enjoy—
 By bond assured, not word of mouth,
We shall draw closer to the chivalrous South,
Reaching our hands in friendship, not in greed.
This is the leaping gladness in our song :
 That, for the human throng
Who still, in every land, are slaves to ancient wrong,
 Half realized, half understood,
 Each sun may rise to greet a greater good.
There is a destiny in every need of man,
 Though long, oh, weary-long

It wait in patience for the strong.
Who grasp it not may honor him who can:
Servant of Man, well done!

III

SOLDIER of Peace, all hail!
No longer by the Desperate Cape
Need the fagged mariner, within the maw
Of noonday darkness and the windy shape
 Of winter gale,
Reef with his frozen hands the solid sail,
Praying, or cursing, as he thinks on pleachéd
 Panama.
More hopefully shall Commerce now let slip
Her homing pigeons, knowing every ship
 Hath chance of fairer sky
 Whether its course shall lie
From Oregon's dark forests to the cheer
Of proud Manhattan, bright and clear;
From London's sooty docks to many an isle of fear
 That long has scarred the Western sea, but now
 shall quicklier rise
Through Love and Law an earthly Paradise.
No longer shall the bark illimitably roam
That follows half the globe from Java or Japan;
 And they for lagging craft who gaze,
 As only lovers can,
Shall count with blessing all the dwindling days
That bring the wandering heart the sooner home.

Now shall be saved not one mere month, but June!
Not three, but Love's long winter of delight!
Beauty of mountain, meadow slope and dune,
As grateful to the welcome traveler's sight
As the recaptured glory of a tune.
Now for a while shall he remain content,
As Life were meant
For fireside voyage or the Muses' flight—
High with Beethoven, or with Shakespeare far;
As if the lore of Fez or Zanzibar
Were that some curly-head
A little longer may delay the hour of bed,
Devouring tales in wonder, to be dreamed in
dread.

IV

SINCE the world's turbulent prime
One war has never ceased—the war with Time:
Our one right war of conquest, yielding spoil
Of years, of hours, of minutes. Why this toil
To be companion to the cloud,
To whisper with the Antipodes,
And, where no blade had ever plowed,
To carve a path for argosies?
Why should we win, at equal cost
Of take and give,
Of gained and lost,
Leisure for leisure, but more worthily to live?

Why agonize and struggle for repose,
Remote, uncertain, and unseen,—
If we impose
On every bud the fury to be rose ;
Spy on the seed to witness if it grows ;
Despoil the silver dawn of its serene ;
Startle the quiet dusk ; like Phaëton
Lashing the hours that draw the lagging sun ?
Were it worth while the precious years to save
That we may madly gallop to the grave ?
Oh, time, time, time !—boon that we daily crave
And waste in craving, losing as we save.
Misers of all beside, our spendthrift strife
Flings to each passing wind time that alone is life.

Now have we need of days for nobler use
Than savage barter, or patrician food,
Or ease that only childish joys amuse,
Or lawless pleasure mixed with manners rude.
For while we ponder progress, half the world
Has turned volcano, and aside has hurled
All that long ages built upon its heights.
Not time but life is squandered ; and the half
Of all the wheat is winnowed with the chaff.
From trusted harbors the familiar lights
By which we steered to safety have gone out
And left our laden hopes in drifting doubt.
Death, that was once God's servant, now is
Man's
And at his bidding speeds his monstrous
plans.

O marvel never sung to any lyre!
O certainty incredible and dire!
That one with anger thus could set his age on fire!
Of those who with cathedral-patience sought
Our liberty to buttress and uplift,
Who could have thought
The downward plunge to chaos was so swift?

Is life a false gem in our treasure store
Once richly prized, now richly prized no more,
And souls but sands beneath the waves of war?
Come, country of my heart, lest thy pure
pledge
Of hope to the unborn be sodden sacrilege,
Cry, though the cannon echoes, "Peace,
peace, peace!"
Summon thy hosts that kill not but increase:
Firm Justice, calm of Wisdom, fear of
Wrong;
Courage of Science, constancy of Law;
The poise of Knowledge and the glow of
Song;
Religion's solace, Doubt's still reverent awe;
Beauty, the smile of God, Music, His voice.
Oh, may these hold us sane and true,
Lift us from tears and teach us to rejoice,
Throw wide our prison doors
Self-built of jealousy and fear;
That ruined empires may through us renew
The long, slow march toward that millennial
year

When men shall be of universal love the
willing servitors.

v

O SOLDIER of our Peace,
If in this conflict thy great work shall be
Not thoroughfare of Honor and Amity,
But route of Conquest, avenue of Hate,
Way of Cupidity and road to Wrong,
Better those hills had never heard the din
 Of steam and rivet, and the strong
 And jubilant song
Of thy triumphant army, with one purpose kin.
 Before it be too late
Adjourn the exultation of the State:
 Let it await
'An Age of Reason's more propitious date.
Borrow a lustrum to undo the toil,
 Unhinge each mighty gate
And let it rust supine on desecrated soil.
Turn the robbed waters backward to the sea,
If in their magic mirror there shall be
No worthier vision of futurity.
The path to wonders, the alluring track,
Unto the jungle mournfully give back,
And let the lazy Isthmus creep
 Again in misty silence to its sleep,
Until some sullen earthquake, like a god
Offended, where man's impious foot has trod,

Unwilling to be warder of his bones,
Indignantly regurgitates the cyclopèan stones.

VI

SOLDIER of Peaceful War !
Forgive us if our doubt shall mar
Thy victory, that has neither blot nor scar :
'T is for the moment, when the Muse's gaze
Wanders from thee. Our country is so dear
Her lovers may indulge a lover's fear.
Forgive us, too, a final word of praise :
That in these troublous days
Thy hand has written for the world to learn
A symphony of Labor, where we may discern
Life as a grander music than before.
Up to the heights that hide the sun
We hear the chorded tumult soar,
The cheer of morning ardor well begun—
A hundred instruments that blend as one :
The dominant whistle and the whirring wheel ;
 The ringing peal
 Of falling steel on steel ;
The rhythmic hammer and the trilling chain,
With intervals as palpable as pain ;
 The pulsing engine, the insistent drill,
Treble of steam and bass of roaring train,
With Echo making fugue from hill to hill.
O loyal orchestra by great composer led !
Thy touch on every string and key

Has wrought this noble minstrelsy,
 Giving a soul to brass and wood inert or dead,
 Till all confusions were in beauty wed,
 And in the players and the theme

One harmony arose supreme—
 Ungrudging service sounding like a psalm.
 For this the palm !
 Soldier of Peace, well done !

VII

BROTHER of Man, all hail !
 Through such as thee and those that with thee
 wrought

The world is daily saved—ay, ever saved shall be.
 Not by some magic alchemy
 By bended sages through the centuries sought ;
 Not by some cloistered mystery of life ;
 But by the sheer necessity of strife,
 The long, unsacred treadmill of routine.
 Oh, more puissant than the authentic mien
 Of sceptred king or queen,
 The virtues of the humble, ages-old,
 That, like the Milky Way, forever hold
 Their darkest night within a net of gold :
 A natural faith the bookman cannot daunt,
 Work, patience, discipline, the comradeship of
 want,
 And simple love assuaging sorrow gaunt.
 Great is Invention ! Do its annals mark

A single virtue newer than the Ark?
Praise, then, the staunch, the overpitied poor,
Who from their riches yet may save the rich,
And something dearer than the Koh-i-noor
Find for them in the mine or in the ditch.
Happy the hands that have but clinging soil
Of honest earth, unstained by blood or wrong,
That make a knighthood of their iron toil,
And even from a pittance save a song.
No overseer of Egyptian brood,
But comrade of their swarthy day, wert thou.
 Of all that digged or hewed
None feared thy frown or for thy favor sued,
For lambent justice dwelt beneath thy brow.
 Thy gentle strength, thy kindly calm,
Were for their bruises satisfying balm.
 For this, to them and thee, the palm!

VIII

SERVANT of Man, well done!
 Thy war of Peace is won.
The dream of continents five and centuries four
Is dream no more.

Now to new visions, than the old
More wonderful and bold.
 Let sage and seer
Into the dark more confidently peer,
To find the boon in every shape of fear,

The cure that Nature holds for every hurt.
Now let some stripling, venturous and alert,
 Trailing a wilder thought
 Than Science yet has sought,
 Startle shy Knowledge from her inner lair.
Our best, that first was but a castle in the air,
 Let it be strong as fair.
Come true all happy tales to children told,
And cloth-of-frieze be turned to cloth-of-gold.
 Let the imprisoned mind
 But beat upon its bars, 't will find
The painted barriers made to break, not bind.
Man is Imagination's only heir:
 His messengers of Dream and Dare
 He launches from the teeming port of Night
 To overtake the flight
Of fleet-winged Progress, laden with new might,
Which to the foremost she lets fall,
The prize of one, the wealth of all.

Who can foretell what blessing may not hap
From this one hair-breadth line upon the map?
What treasure have we was not first a dream?
Seeing the Future but in flash and gleam,
Doubt we To-morrow? On the once-veiled track
 Of opulent Yesterday, look back!
The arsenal of our courage is the Past—
The unforgotten great that did not yield,
The unremembered many left upon the field,
 Each loyal to his vision to the last.

IX

THEN come with pomp and joy of color-streaming
ships,
With shouts of their unshotted iron lips,
With choral song and no unnoble speech,
The good of all eclipsing good of each,
And, while like incense is the smoke upcurled,
Let this our child be sponsored by the world.

Then dedicate to dreams this dream fulfilled :
To Hope, the dream on which all dreams we build,
To Honor, what in honor was conceived,
To Brotherhood, whereby it was achieved,
To Peace, that there no hostile gun may sound
And all the Earth at last be holy ground ;
Ay, to that dream of dreams, most strangely
wrought,—
To Man, the Almighty's most amazing thought.

O Soldier of the blameless sword !
Who serves mankind is servant of the Lord.
Servant of God, well done !

THE CORRIDORS OF CONGRESS

(REVISITED IN VACATION)

TREAD soft, intruding step, this empty haunt
Of swirling crowds has sanctity of grief ;
Precincts of sadness are these gilded halls—
The silent crypts of far and turbulent years.
These stairways have been treadmills of despair,
Runways of greed these narrow passages—
The skirmish-lines of battles fought within,
Where many a hope, sore-wounded, struggled on
To perish in the din of others' joy.

Let Fancy listen at these listening walls
And give us back the record that they bear,—
These phonographs of sorrow, where are writ,
In Time's attenuated echoes, sounds
Not louder than the falling of a tear
Or sigh of lovers hiding from pursuit.
Fancy, our finer ear, may here disclose
Whispers of corner-born conspiracies ;
The embrasured window's furtive interview ;
The guarded plot ; the treacherous promise given ;
The tragedy that here was masked as hope.
Here the dark powers conspired, using as bribes
Our dearest virtues—goodness, friendship, love.
Here many who came with dawn upon the brow,
A voice of confidence, a knightly port,
Noble expectancy in every step,
Their own ambition with their country's, one,
Forgot their holy dreams beneath the stars,

Sunk in a noonday stupor of prudent air,
Or, caught by tyrannous currents of routine,
Swept, first resisting, then resisting not,
Into that pleasant land of Compromise
That neighbors Hell.

Here is the dryasdust
Who thinks in dollars, scorning sentiment ;
The township patriot, letting terrors rage
If only he be safe ; the timid good
For whose slow suffrage all the bold contend ;
The velvet orator whose magniloquence,
Prick it with wit, runs streams of Privilege ;
The soft-shod schemer, voice behind his hand,
And flattering arm about his victim's neck ;
The vulgar blusterer, to whom we trust
The jewel of the nation's dignity,
Who cannot guard his own ; and, faithful clog
About the feet of Progress, he who spurns
All as exotic not in his dooryard found,
Holding the riches of the world as toys :
Books as expedients to divert the mind
From the dull scenery 'twixt town and town ;
Art as an adult's picture-book, and Verse
But as a quarry for a funeral speech.

But one may read a cheerier record here :
The statesman rare, compact of bold and wise,
Loving his country like an ancient Greek,
Physician to the body politic,
And with physician-chivalry so imbued
The honest crave his voice, and every rogue
Reckons him enemy ; the sturdy drudge

Who knows the elusive fact cannot be caught
In nets of intuition,—sentinel
Upon the nation's treasure-castle walls,
Alert to stealthy peril in the night
From Waste the Traitor as from Greed the Foe ;
The civic soldier, fighting for his land
As truly as the veteran who defied
Ambush of fen or forest, standing firm
To conscience' needle, though from every point
The shifting winds be clamoring for the wrong.
Oh, there 's a bravery greater than the assault
On ramparts flaming death when but the touch
Of comrade's shoulder gives the heart support,
When every leaping impulse to go on
Is multiplied to madness by the crowd,
And Life is but an alms by Duty flung.
Peace needs the stouter heart, the cooler mind ;
The truceless warfare on the soul's frontiers
Calls for a lonelier fortitude ; and oft
The man that will not yield an inch to blows
Can keep no barrier to tears. He that, alone,
Would feed his body to the hungry fire,
Let but a loved one plead, his will is wax.
Oh, in the unimpassioned scales of Time
More than the courage of momentum weighs
The courage of resistance, when to yield
Is easy as to breathe, and angels urge
"Only do naught and let the devil pass."

What Iliads of siege these walls could tell !
What shattered lines a hundred times retrieved
From lingering defeat—now by the swords,

Now by the shields, of some sworn group of knights—
To sweep at last to wreathèd victory!
What single combats while the hosts looked on!
What hopes forlorn that failed so gloriously
That History dropped her stylus to admire!

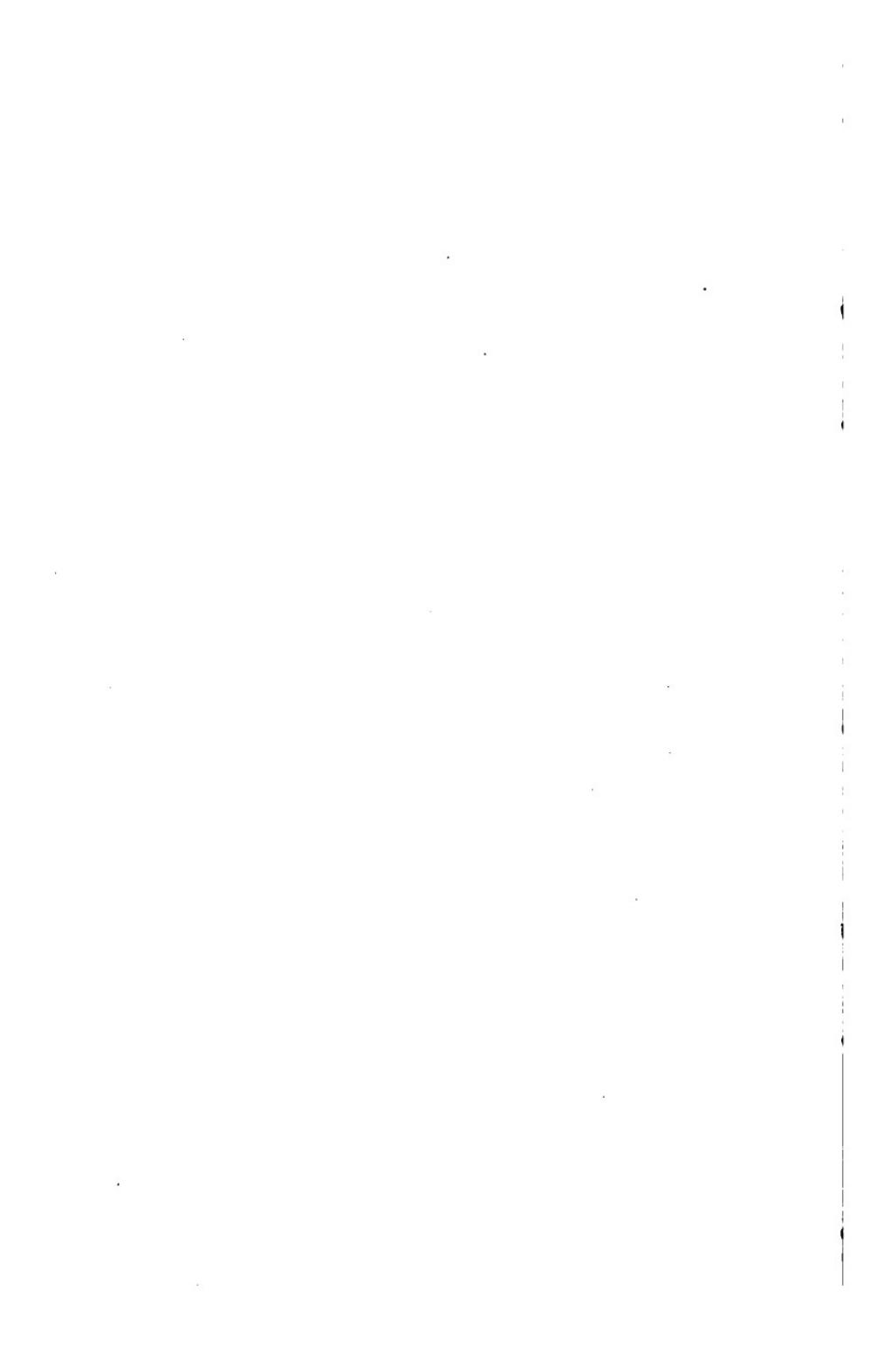
Of all the hands that held our fasces up,
I mind me of one servant of the State
Who walked these halls erect in body and mind.
Not to corroding ease he gave his days
But paid his country, coin for coin, in toil.
Her cut-purse enemies within her gates,
Her gentlemanly murderers of men's souls,—
Who with foul gold would poison every fount
Of Hope and Justice we have built for all,—
And their accomplices who smilingly
Betray a nation to oblige a friend,
Him came not nigh with their accursed arts,
To tempt, to beg, to threaten, to cajole.
Though richly gifted, he disprized his gifts—
Far vision, loyal reasoning, kindling speech,
And true intent that pilots in the dark.
Not faultless, he could frankly own his fault,
And salve with candor the impetuous wound.
While he was speaking nothing seemed of worth
But the high path he trod—not happiness,
Nor peace, nor love, nor leisured luxury,
Nor that acclaim of many called success,
But to be leader in the march of Man.
With more ambition, he had been of those
Who from its trance of comfort wake the world,
And leave a name to stir the pulse of youth.

Thoughtless of fame,—without the artist-sense
Of the deed's value miscalled vanity—
He left to chance the record of those days.
His tribute is the passionate regret
Of comrades fighting still, the respect of foes,
Who miss his swift sword and his dented shield.
Remembering how at one great breach he stood
Pleading for honor when men sued for gain,
I hear not only echoes of his voice
But strains of patriot music from the Past :
The harp of David, laureate of the Lord,
Sounding the spirit's summons to his race ;
The lyre of Sophocles, half looking back
To cheer his followers, now as brave as he ;
The horn of Roland, clear from brim to brim
Of Pyren an valleys, with its call,
“Come up and find your courage on the heights.”

ENVOI

Not only with a brother's pride and love
Weave I for him this coronal of verse—
Affection's salvage from the wreck of Time—
But with the hope that for some wavering soul,
Tempted to point of tension, it may turn
A cup of trembling to a cup of strength,
And make us prouder of the brave who guard
The walls that guard the freedom of the land.

POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR



THE COST

Of late we heard dark oracles proclaim
In History's alluring name,
And with no flush of shame,
The cure for all our civic ills is War !
And while they flaunt their flippant lore,
With hideous irony the hope-barred door
To Mars' red altar gapes, and forth there fare
With torch and sword the Furies, driven by one
Hailed as the god's bronze image come to life,
But, nearer seen, a pietistic Hun !

With wild, fanatic air,
In Death's-head helmet and greaves worn with prayer,
He sets the unwilling world in myriad strife
To orphan Europe, plowing hill and mead
For Famine's harvest of the iron seed ;
From that blue sea that knows no shore
On fair, defenseless towns lets slip
The havoc of his pirate ship ;
And, drowning conscience with the cannon's roar,
Holds his frank perfidy
As part of a divine decree,
While with a holy rage
He wars upon his Age,
Till the pure Alps ensanguine every sea ;
Now, with a rusted key unlocks
The evils of Pandora's box ;

Stills the world's music, stays its daily joys;
 Makes murderers of boys
Who yesterday made mimic murder at their toys;
 Turns brotherhood to hate,
And floors the heavens with carnage that would sate
All devils but a devil incarnate!

Greater than Bonaparte?—Yes, by a century's cost
Of lives devoured, of fireside loving lost.

• • • •
O country mine!
Who shall seduce thee to such mad design?
A nobler vision, happier fate be thine!

August 25, 1914.

TO THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE

BUILDED of Love and Joy and Faith and Hope,
Thou standest firm beyond the tides of war
That dash in gloom and fear and tempest-roar,
Beacon of Europe!—though wise pilots grope
Where trusted lights are lost; though the dread scope
Of storm is wider, deadlier than before;
Ay, though the very floods that strew the shore
Seem to obey some power turned misanthrope.

For thou art witness to a world's desire,
And when—oh, happiest of days!—shall cease
The throes by which our Age doth bring to birth
The fairest of her daughters, heavenly Peace,
When Man's red folly has been purged in fire,
Thou shalt be Capitol of all the Earth.

September 19, 1914.

RHEIMS

I

O FORTRESS of the Spirit, and thyself
But yesterday a soul! What art thou now
But walls and memory? Thou art than Man
Not more immortal, though from dawn to dawn
Of seven centuries thou heardst the tread
Of swarming generations plodding by.
Precinct of Peace,—now torn by wanton War;
Altar where Morning might her matins say
Or Evening chant her vespers,—now o'erthrown;
Refuge for ages to the unconsoled
By all but God forsaken: who hath dared
Thy sanctuary now to violate?
Thou that wert pride and cynosure of Art,
Trumpet of History, a nation's shrine,
Christener of Kings, a yearning world's delight,—
Thy mellow voice from out the faded Past
Is silent as thy belfry's sunken choir.

For this it is, although we nightly bear
The daily burden of mankind's distress
Till the vast anguish numbs the wearied sense,
Still heavier are our heavy hearts to-day.

II

How, with cold stone and scant and loveless toil,
Shall be rebuilt the spirit of this fane?
Who shall recloud its aisles with mystery,
Till the beholder views himself with awe?
How shall spilled wine, treasure of time and sun,
Be from the ground regathered? Who shall invent
The arts here lost, the accent of their speech?
Who shall replant the race, and then await
Its centuried ripening? Mourn, oh, mourn, mourn,
mourn
The brave that fall beneath this harvest moon
When Death's swift sickle flies—each in his calm
A ruined temple of the Living God!
They, too, are gone, but not as thou art gone,
For, though Love doubt, still clings our faith to this:
'T is but their bodies have been slain; but here,
Here, where the mortal craves celestial life,
Man has been able to destroy a soul!

III

Or what avail to find the vandal hands,
The few barbarians, by whose feeblest touch
This deed was wrought from far? They witness well
The paradox of life that frights our peace:
The weak is stronger than the strong! For who
To-day so built in greatness as to be

Armored against a whim? A paltry match
By malice struck, or mischief, and the town
Rushes to sky and earth in ruin!

Yet—

Shall we absolve the nameless for the known,
Who, choosing war, chose aught that war might bring
And murdered all this hoarded beauty? No,
Though they should vaunt a thousand victories
This is their dire defeat. Here have they reached
All that ambition coveted, reversed.
Thinking on Rheims hereafter, and on them,
The world's heart shall grow leaden with dismay,
And age to age the shame reverberate
So loud, so far, that legions yet unborn,
Learning their loss, shall execrate the crime
And, grieving, mingle pity with their blame.

September 28, 1914.

TO THE SPIRIT OF BYRON

"The Niobe of nations."

CHILDE HAROLD.

I

THOU more than poet, Freedom's laureate,
Byron! Although some tyrant hand should blot
All pages that to her are consecrate
By loyal bards—thus doomed to be forgot—
Who should despair if thine were quenched not?
Oh, for thy voice when the world's heart is wrung
At Honor made a barrack-jest and plot!
To what invective hadst thou given tongue!
Mourner of Rome, what dirge for Belgium hadst thou
sung!

II

What of *her* children ravaged from her heart—
Those cities proud of lore and fair of mien:
Liège, that cradled Charlemagne; that mart
Of many seas, rich Antwerp; old Malines;
And royal Brussels seated like a queen;
Bruges the melodious, and flowery Ghent,
And wise Louvain? . . . Oh, Byron, hadst thou
seen
The tears and terror, who could be content
By lesser song than thine that grief and blame be blent?

III

Revered is Valor—ay, but Honor more.
A score of centuries doth History save
Cæsar's "brave Belgians": for how many a score
Shall live the word these to the Teuton gave
When they must choose dishonor or the grave!
They knew before they took Despair to wife,
Man's mind and not his master makes him slave.
What theme for thee, ere, Singer of Great Strife,
To Belgium thou hadst poured libation of thy life!

November 3, 1914.

THE NEW WORLD

"COME, let us make a new world," said the proud,—
 "The iron image of our perfect plan.
Let those who cannot yield to those who can.
No place for tears, or pity, or the crowd
Of weaklings. Let no patriot's head be bowed
 With his sire's shame: call no one courtesan
If she be breeder of the Mightier Man
Whose valor vaunts our glory far and loud."

Mad pupils of a mad philosopher,
 Think ye you have but armies to subdue?
Your foe is Woman! Hear the march of her
Through centuries, from the caverns to the blue
Of visioned peaks. Wrong ruled the years that were,
 But Justice, queened by Pity, rules the new.

April, 1915.

THE HAUNTING FACE

(ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD LOST
IN THE "LUSITANIA")

DEAR boy of the seraphic face,
With brow of power and mouth of grace,
And deep, round eyes, set far apart,
So that the mind should match the heart !

Not Raphael's leaning cherub had
More beauty than this winsome lad,
Nor Andrea's little John more joy
Than dimpled in this darling boy.

What mother could so happy be
As not to covet such as he?
What childless passer could forego
The smiling of that Cupid's-bow?

Here promise spoke in every curve :
The wit to see, the heart to serve ;
In fine proportions here did reign
An open nature, sweet and sane.

What wonder fancy vied with hope,
To read his radiant horoscope,
And find within his future deed
The rescue of some mighty need :—

A patriot, to save the State;
A bard, to take the sting from Fate;
A prophet, men should know not of,
To lift the fainting world by love!

Mourn those—and mourn not with despair—
Who find life's last adventure fair,
But let your treasured tears be spilled
For noble presage unfulfilled.

Mine fall unbidden as I look,
Here, upon youth's unfinished book,
And with the loss my heart is torn
As Heaven had withdrawn the morn.

Ah, could I know why over me
His spirit has such potency,
Then might I know how love began
And stays, the mystery of Man.

Child of the future! Beauty's flower!
His gentle image should have power
The conscience of a realm to wring
And haunt the pillow of a king.

June 26, 1915.

EDITH CAVELL

ROOM 'mid the martyrs for a deathless name!
Till yesterday, in her how few could know
Black War's white angel, succoring friend and foe—
Whose pure heart harbored neither hate nor blame
When Need or Pity made its sovereign claim.
To-day she is the world's! Its poignant woe,
We thought had been outwept, again doth flow
In tenderest tears that multiply her fame.

Oh, something there is in us yet, more bright
Than Rouen's hungry flames—that could consume
Jeanne's slender limbs but not her spirit's might.
Fate still has noble colors in her loom.
One lonely woman's courage in the night
Has sealed the savage Hohenzollerns' doom!

October 22, 1915.

SHAKESPEARE *

ENGLAND, that gavest to the world so much—
Full-breathing Freedom, Law's security,
The sense of Justice (though we be not just)—
What gift of thine is fellow unto this
Imperishable treasure of the mind,—
Enrichment of dim ages yet to be!
Gone is the pomp of kings save in his page,
Where by imagination's accolade
He sets the peasant in the royal rank.
Love, like a lavish fountain, here o'erflows
In the full speech of tender rhapsody.
He dreamed our dreams for us. His the one voice
Of all humanity. Or knave or saint,
He shows us kindred. Partisan of none,
Before the world's censorious judgment-seat
We find him still the advocate of each,
Portraying motive as our best defense.
Historian of the Soul in this strange star
Where Vice and Virtue interchange their masks ;
Diviner of Life's inner mysteries,
He yet bereaves it not of mystery's charm,
And makes us all the wounds of Life endure
For all the balm of Beauty.

England, now,
When so much gentle has been turned to mad,

* Written by invitation of the British Committee of the
Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration.

When peril threatens all we thought most safe,
When Honor crumbles, and on Reason's throne
Black Hate usurps the ermine, oh, do thou
Remember Force is still the Caliban
And Mind the Prospero. Keep the faith he taught,
Speak with his voice for Freedom, Justice, Law,—
Ay, and for Pity, lest we sink to brutes.
Shame the fierce foe with Shakespeare's noble word.
Say, England was not born to feed the maw
Of starved Oblivion. Let thine ardent youth
Kindle to flame at royal Hal's behest
And thy wise elders glow with Gaunt's farewell.
His pages are the charter of our race.
Let him but lead thy leaders, thou shalt stand
Thy Poet's England, true and free and strong:
By his ideals shalt thou conqueror be,
For God hath made of him an element,
Nearest Himself in universal power.

February 12, 1916.

EMBATTLED FRANCE

ACROSS the sea that once was free now let the message
leap
That France has won our Western hearts, and waked
our souls from sleep!
Proud land! No more shall we mistake the shallows
for the deep.

They knew her not who lightly thought her frivolously
gay—
She who first taught our grimmer world the sanity of
play;
They saw the birds that fly the nest but not the brood
that stay.

And we who knew and loved her true and shared her
welcome kind—
The welcome of her heart, and more, the welcome of
her mind—
How could we know these newer bonds that evermore
shall bind!—

That she, the Queen of Peace serene, who sought the
sword no more,—
That she, the Queen of Art, who keeps the key of
Beauty's door,
More royal than her royal lines, should be the Queen
of War!—

For, though the years have drowned in tears her
 thrones and quarterings,
She, kingless, has not lost the proud residuum of
 kings:
Noblesse oblige is written fair on every flag she flings.

Let others plead a brutal need and compromise with
 faith,
And soil the robe of honor, and make of joy a wraith,
No taint of lie shall linger in any word she saith.

They reckoned ill who thought her will was sunk in
 sloth or pride,
Who held as weak her patience and on her feuds relied.
No power can lock the scabbards where thinking
 swords abide.

Oh, there is calm of Sabbath psalm and there is calm
 of woe,
And calm of slaves who never the calm of freemen
 know,
When, though the storm may tear the wave, the sea is
 calm below.

Upon the air no martial blare proclaimed the fateful
 call;
No drum need make the summons the spirit makes to
 all;
Not softlier to the solemn earth the autumn leaflets
 fall.

With gaze that saw far things of awe she stood as in a
trance,
But faltered not before the shock of War's long-
dreaded chance,
And every soul was born again—an effigy of France!

Oh, eyes that weep in lonely sleep but show no
waking tear,
Oh, lips with their brave silences and lingering words
of cheer:
What memories of parting have made the dangers
dear!

And when the breath of icy Death sweeps like a winter
rain,
And like a scythe the iron hail cuts down the human
grain,
How bleed we with her wounded and sorrow for her
slain!

And when beside the Marne's red tide—a lioness at
bay—
She gave September unto Mars to make him holiday,
She saved with hers our kindred soil three thousand
miles away.

How we acclaim Man's sacred name, as second unto
God,
And deem our bond a brotherhood divine of cloud and
clod!
Where are men fellows but in France, save underneath
the sod?

Her heart a cup of joy filled up to greet the dancing day,
How willingly she spilled the wine and threw the cup away
That deserts yet unpeopled may live in peace for aye!

The triple watchword of her faith shall spread to every land,
Till free and equal comrades th' ennnobled nations stand,
And all shall take the sacrament from her devoted hand.

And when Hate's last far crop is past, sown broadcast by the blind,
The memory of her chivalry shall stir in humankind
A love akin to bridal love,—the passion of the mind.

ENVOI, TO THE REPUBLIC

When Peace and Toil shall guard thy soil in all its ancient girth,
And Freedom, by thy fortitude, has found a newer birth,
We still shall cry, "My France, Our France, the France of all the Earth!"

March, 1916.

**POEMS CHIEFLY OF FRIENDSHIP
OR ADMIRATION**

* * *

QUID PRO QUO

WHAT will you give for Friendship? View it near:
The warp so firm, the woof so beautiful—
The very stuff of life! 'T will keep you warm
When silken Love, that takes the vagrant eye
With its smooth touch and tints of changing light,
Wears thin against the freezing winds of fate.
See, this is not of cold, mechanic weave
With showy dyes of aniline device,
But like an ancient, human tapestry,
The concord of robust and gentle tones,
Where threads of Joy are softened to content,
And even Sorrow's add a note of peace.

What will you give for Friendship? Yes, 'tis dear,
But how well worth the cost! Bid high, pay gladly.
Sure of its value, sure of your own need,
Take every risk. Three comradships there are:
One that makes man more brother than his twin,
One that can sister woman in distress,
And one that both may share, the costliest
Because the rarest. This how few may know—
Its warmth, its beauty, its supernal charm!
To find it needs such instinct, such high thought,
Deep sacrifice, sweet ardor, holy faith.
And, then, the price!—dear treasures of the soul;
Pearls of hid tears; and jeweled hours lost
To absence and forever unretrieved;

And, too, perchance, as penalty for joy,
Suspicion, the chief food of idle minds,
Invoking censure, by a cruel code
As old as envy, upon fancied faults,—
The vulgar making statutes for the pure,
As though the crow could teach the lark to sing!

What will you give for Friendship ere it pass?
If you have timid blood, plod on through life
Content with little, colder than your grave.
If you be brave and loyal, here 's my grasp,
And we 'll find heaven 'spite of foe and friend.

A SONG OF PARTING

Go not so soon, dear days
Of sunlight and of haze,
When o'er the spirit flows
The soft gray sea's repose,
And memories of distress
Yield to the air's caress.
Nights of the waning moon,
Go not so soon!

Go not so swift, fair time
Of friendship, like a rhyme
That holds in harmony
What was and what shall be.
Thou that hast brought the zest
Of animated rest,
Prolong thy perfect gift,
Go not so swift!

Go not so fast, sweet hour
Of farewell to the flower.
The mystery of eve
Within our reverie weave.
Whisper that all we see
Is naught to what shall be,
That Life, that Love shall last!
Go not so fast!

HORSEHEAD HOUSE, July, 1915.

READING HORACE

Oh, were we good when we are wise!—
Or haply, wise when we are good!
But, fool or sage, some comfort lies
In knowing Horace understood
Our follies in their olden guise!

Of all the full Augustan choir
Our one contemporary bard,
Who strikes upon a silver lyre,
Where not a note is harsh or hard,
The human chords that never tire.

Live how he may, whene'er he sings
A poet is a democrat;
Down two millenniums there rings
The song of Leisure's Laureat
In praise of all the simple things.

What deep contentment broods above
That refuge in the Sabine Hills
From all that Rome was fashioned of—
Strife, envy, the luxurious ills
Men, town-imprisoned, learn to love!

Though oft he dwells on death, 't is e'er
With swift recoil to life. Joy, joy

Is all his goal! Though reefed sails dare
The dreaded seas to Tyre or Troy,
His placid song is foe to care.

Poor hater was he, save of greed
And gluttons and the vulgar mind—
(Thou votary of thy surer creed,
Ask heaven if thou be more kind
Than was that heart of pagan breed!)

Vowed to the laurel from the day
The doves despaired his lids supine
And hid his limbs in leafy play;
A nursling of the dancing vine,
His verse was vintage gold and gay.

Give me the glowing heart, or none—
Not friendship's altar but its fire.
In his red veins how life did run!
Had ever poet wiser sire?
Had ever sire tenderer son?—

He, humble, candid, sane and free,
Whom e'en Mæcenas could not spoil;
Who wooed his fields with minstrelsy
As rich as wine, as smooth as oil,
And kept a kiss for Lalagé.

* * *

Ah, dear to me one night supreme—
A voice he would have joyed to hear,

Its music married to his theme—
When two new-mated minds drew near
And mingled in his lilting stream.

Oh, lover of sweet-sounding words,
That in thy tones but glow and soar,
Come! * * Horace with his flocks and herds
Waits thy revealing voice. Once more
Bring back to me the brooks and birds!

GIFTS

WHEN color, fragrance, form
On the steeped sense the rose
With lavish boon bestows,
What is there left to give?

When after leaden storm
The thrush outpours the rain
Of happy song again,
What is there left to give?

When one star, brave and warm,
The sentinel of Night,
Yields to the surging light,
What is there left to give?

My rose, my thrush, my star that goes before,
What canst thou give but *more*?
Oh, live, live, live!

ORIOLE AND POET

LITTLE bird of the bruised wing,
Swept to the shelter of my door,
Torn is thy nest in the willow swing.
Hast thou forgotten how to sing?
Shall thy flash be seen in the green no more?

Come, let me bind up the bruised wing.
At my open cage-door linger long.
And if for a while near the willow swing
There be one bird less, there 'll be no less song:
Thy sorrow shall teach me how to sing.

THE SONG OF ANY LOVER

Is she fair? You ask me—me her lover!
Who can measure beauty that beguiles?
Who will stop to count his one star over?
If you would yourself the truth discover,
All you need is patience, till she smiles.

Is she true? But how could you believe me—
You who call me bondman to her wiles—
You, who taunt that Time will undeceive me?
Keep your sordid doubts, my friend, but leave me
Bondman unto Duty when she smiles.

Is she young? Who reckons age by birthdays?—
Counts his happy voyages by miles?
Better one of heaven than twenty earth-days.
She who adds new merriment to mirth-days—
She is Youth Eternal when she smiles.

A PRAYER IN THE DARK

MAKER of love and longing!
Thou fountain of our tears!
When in one night come thronging
The memories of years,
God of the fallen sparrow!
God of the mateless dove!
Give to her lonely sorrow
The solace of Thy love.

KARL BITTER

O MULTITUDE of the untimely dead,
Who somewhere find and seal the endless thread
 That ever to *our* eyes must broken be—
Ye who now labor with no Death to dread :

Take to your happy ranks this new access
Of flaming spirit, this pure guilelessness.
 This noble fancy, this brave loyalty
That cherished Beauty more, not Honor less :—

Him whose divining skill had power to save
Too few alas ! of all our wise and brave
 In bronze so true that what to-day he took
From Life, to-morrow he to History gave :—

Him in the warmth of whose inspiring word
Youth was to memorable ardor stirred,
 And found so clear a path that, though the guide
No more was seen, the pilgrim never erred ;—

In whom such frank simplicity did dwell
To know him little was to know him well,
 Till even the passer-by shall long recall
The cheerful music of a silent bell.

Masters of Art and servitors of Song,
Who somewhere your recessional prolong,

Forgive us if too much we mourn the man
So welcome now in your beloved throng.

As ye are happy at his coming, we
May not dissolve in grief his memory,
But keep his faith in Beauty as our own,
With grateful joy that such a soul should be.

THE PRESIDENT

(THE PANAMA TOLLS)

He plead for honor and the country's good,
And craved "ungrudging measure" of support.
The Sages gave approval as they could,
But left to History the ungrudging sort.

CONSTANCE

FIRST time we met I saw her not : 't was night ;
But fancy read her lovely spirit right :
 Soft as the dark her voice
 That made my lonely heart rejoice.

When next we met, or ere I heard her speak
My fancy fared afar her like to seek :
 Where had I seen that face—
 In Reynolds' or in Romney's grace ?

'And when she spoke—most like a morning child
Waking to wonder—how her spirit smiled !
 Then voice and face were one :
 Music and Art in unison.

LOVE-LETTERS AT AUCTION

Or old, or knight or king,
Each feared that Time would bring
Unto the block his head.
Rest peacefully, ye dead:
Yours was a gentle crime.
Now to the block by Time
(Praise the collector's art!)
Is brought one's heart.

THE LAGGARD POET

(TO WILLIAM WATSON)

'T IS said of thee—as 't were a virtue rare!—
That thou, first seeing, like fair rose on vine,
Her than the bluebell and the rose more fair,
But half a moon let pass ere she was thine.

Thou caitiff knight! What one of Arthur's clan
E'er had his love at such amazing cost?
Call thyself laggard, but no longer man—
Thou spendthrift of a priceless fortnight lost!

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TO PADEREWSKI, PATRIOT

57

TO PADEREWSKI, PATRIOT

SON of a martyred race, that long
Has poured its sorrow into song,
And taught the world that grief is less
When voiced by Music's loveliness:
How shall its newer anguish be
Interpreted, if not by thee?

In whose heart dearer doth abide
Thy land's lost century of pride
Since triple tyrants tore in three
That nation of antiquity—
But could not lock with prison keys
The freeman's sacred memories?

1 Now, when thy soil lies wrecked and rent,
By cruel waves of warfare spent,
Till Famine counts so many slain
It looks on Slaughter with disdain,
However others grieve, thou show'st
The noble spirit suffers most.

Master, with whom the world doth sway
Like meadow with the wind at play,
May Heaven send thee, at this hour,
Such access of supernal power
That every note beneath thy hand
Shall plead for thy distracted land.

April 13, 1916.

TO VIMU
AMAROTIAC



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